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The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor.

VOL. 5--NO. 15.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO, DECEMBER 22, 1849.

JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

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No deviation from these terms.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor.

All others to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

THE BUGLE.

Father Mathew and the Slaveholders.

Ex-Governor Lumpkin, in behalf of the Georgia Temperance Society, extended to Father Mathew a pressing invitation to visit that State in furtherance of the object of his mission to this country. Subsequently the account of Father Mathew's interview with Garrison, and a copy of the celebrated Irish Address, with the 'Apostle's' name appended thereto, was put into the hands of Gov. Lumpkin, whereupon he immediately wrote to the said Apostle, inquiring if that address were genuine, and if so whether he cherished the sentiments there embodied—advising his conviction that his capacity for usefulness at the South would depend upon his answer to these questions.

Here was indeed a dilemma; and what did Father Mathew do? Did he speak out like a man, in a voice which he was willing the whole world should hear, in favor of Freedom? No. He sent to the Governor a letter marked 'private,' of the contents of which we know nothing, except that the Governor testifies that it 'failed to obviate the difficulty,' and neither denied the genuineness of the 'objectionable document,' nor intimated any change of opinion in relation to the sentiments embodied in it. We infer from this that the letter was not a mainly response to the Governor's questions, but a palisade, cunningly designed so to 'wrap up' the difficulty as to preclude all excitement and permit its author to fraternize with the slaveholders of the South. Though he dared not deny the genuineness of the Address, he did not say that the Governor, by the admission of a little priestly oil, could be made to view it as the slaveholders view the Declaration of Independence, as a 'rhetorical flourish'.

"Words, travelled smoothly o'er the tongue, Like mere abstractions, empty sounds."

The Governor, however, was in earnest. He would not be won from his mood by any private, non-committal, half-and-half answer. For this we respect him, slaveholder as he is. He wrote to the Apostle, telling him that his letter was unsatisfactory, and asking him to withdraw the injunction of privacy, that the correspondence might be published. After waiting a long time without receiving any reply to his last communication, he came out with a public statement of the affair and openly revoked the invitation to Father Mathew to visit Georgia.

On this subject the Pennsylvania Freeman makes the following observations:

And this is the treatment which Father Mathew receives at the hands of those for whose sake he has sealed his lips on the subject of slavery. Could they not trust him? If, in Boston, the Cradle of Liberty, breathing the free air of old Massachusetts, within sight of Plymouth rock, he would not speak bold words for Freedom, and against oppression, did they think that he would utter them in the tainted atmosphere of the slave plantation, or at the master's hospitable board? No; they thought no such thing; they feared no such thing. This action of the Georgia Temperance Society was designed to punish him for daring to hold opinions unfavorable to slavery. He would not deny that he had endorsed the obnoxious sentiments; he could not assert that they were not his sentiments still. And therefore Georgia will not receive him. Very supple must be the knee that would do homage to the slave power, very low the abasement of the courtier who would be admitted into its full confidence. Father Mathew will not satisfy its demands. How much better it would have been for him not to attempt it. He came to this country surrounded with most advantageous circumstances for a reformer. He was welcomed, he was honored, he possessed influence. He came to a nation whose chief sin he knew to be slaveholding. He knew that one-sixth of its population were reputed and held as chattel persons, degraded almost to the level of brutes; he knew that the church had given her sanction to this horrible iniquity, and that on the side of the oppressor there was power. He might have stood in our midst, and spoken a word of rebuke for this sin, which would have been heard at the furthest boundaries of our republic. A nation was waiting for his words. His was a gold-

en opportunity to prove his fidelity to the Right, to touch the heart of the oppressor, to deal an effective blow on the fetter and chain of the slave. To few men does such an opportunity come, to him it may never come again. Alas! he saw not the angel hand which held it out to him, and putting it hastily from him, he passed by it, and went his way. The slave mourned the loss of a friend, but the slaveholder exulted, and rejoiced that the arm of his despotism was not to be weakened by the Apostle of Temperance.

The idea of losing influence, even temporarily, by doing right, is, generally, a great mistake. We may lose place, we may lose friends and ease by it, but rarely influence, or the respect of our fellow men. The soul who dares to rebuke sin, and advocate right, in the face of opposition and contumely, and personal peril, invests itself with moral power, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. One form of truth cannot suffer in consequence of the utterance of another, for truth is one; and one moral reform will not be really injured by its friends' outspoken testimony in behalf of another. Branches of the same tree, the vigor of one promotes the prosperity of all. Father Mathew will not more effectually promote the cause of temperance than he would have done had he uttered in our midst a faithful protest against slavery; may, we believe, he will do less in its behalf, because he has weakened his moral power by a compromise with sin. He will, no doubt, see and regret this some day; we wish that that day may come before it is too late for him to make reparation to the cause of freedom and to the injured slave.

Bradburn and Burleigh.

The question of Disunion and of the relations of the U. S. Constitution to Slavery was discussed at the recent meeting of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society, by Frederick Douglass and C. C. Burleigh on the one side and George Bradburn on the other. The scene must have been a rich one. The encounter between Bradburn and Burleigh is thus described by C. M. B. in the Pennsylvania Freeman:

Bradburn labored for an hour through the impracticable abstractions of Spooner & Co., interspersing them with witticisms and oddities of expression and action, which did more to excite mirth than did his argument to convince the judgment. He performed his difficult task as well, perhaps, as any one could have done it, though I thought he showed very visibly his fears for the durability of his structure; fears which were speedily born into facts.

C. C. Burleigh succeeded him, first reading the resolutions, then throwing around them an impregnable wall of argument, built of ponderous facts, built together by the tough links of logic; and then, turning to the fine fancy work of his opponent, he exposed its weakness by tumbling it into a mass of baseless assumptions, unwarrantable inferences, inconsistencies and contradictions. The speaker was constantly interrupted by Mr. Bradburn, who rushed to save some part of the edifice he had reared with so much pains, but only to retire with a more glorious defeat. The most laughable of his attempts to save himself, was an affected grief, in reply to some keen retort which raised a general laugh at his expense, that his opponent should treat so grave a subject with levity instead of serious argument. The ridiculous absurdity of such an appeal from him, especially right after that evening's speech, was too much for the gravity of the audience, and was received with a very significant smile, which broadened into a hearty laugh, at the retort which the stroke brought upon him.

Frederick Douglass writes thus to the North Star:

Mr. Bradburn made one of the best speeches I ever heard against the doctrines of the American Anti-Slavery Society, on the subject of disunion. He spoke nearly an hour, and was rapturously applauded throughout. He evidently had the sympathy of the audience with him, and sat down with an air of triumph. But the triumph was short. Chas. C. Burleigh ascended the platform, and proceeded to address the meeting for a time in a strain of convincing eloquence, not even alluding to the speech to which the audience had just listened. This was, for the most part, to clear away the meaningless and useless rubbish with which the great central question had been surrounded. He went from point to point with the speed and agility of an Arabian racer. First, he read the resolutions; second, he referred to the different aspects of the question to which they related; then gave a statement of the various points in their logical order. The audience was still. All had been laughter and pleasantry before—all was still now. On went the speaker. Truth had mounted her swift chariot. The great lessons of duty were made to shine like stars in the blue firmament. He at length halted, and took up a bit of paper; it was a paper containing the one he took then up, turned them over, replied to, and triumphantly refuted them. Mr. Burleigh was several times interrupted by Mr. Bradburn, with questions and replies, but these formed no barrier to the iron strength of Burleigh's argument. They only called forth finer and brighter qualities of mind from the speaker than he had before displayed, and subjected the restless objector to more complete and disastrous defeats. Aside from the glorious truths vindicated, and my sincere interest in them, the debate, on intellectual grounds, was worth going the whole journey from Rochester to Providence to hear.

Many who have safely passed the rocks of gross sin, have been cast away on the shoals of self righteousness.

A Noble Clergyman.

At the recent meeting of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society, a member withdrew from that body on the ground that it treated the Unitarians as Christians! C. M. Burleigh was present, and in a letter to the Pennsylvania Freeman, he reports a speech which that withdrawal called forth. We know the author of the speech well. He is a clear-headed, noble-minded man, and tho' orthodox in his opinions, as tolerant and liberal as any heretic we know. Here is the report of what he said:

Rev. Mr. Cheney, one of the most prominent and fearless Free Will Baptist preachers in the State, followed in an eloquent defense of the tolerant basis of the Society. He was not a member of it, but he cordially sympathized with its object, and liked its tolerance of all opinions and creeds among its members. He was glad the Society knew nothing of sectarian claims and names; that Unitarians, Universalists, Methodists, Quakers, Baptists, and religionists of every other shade and name, could there come together as brothers, and, forgetting their sectarian feuds, work together as brothers for the redemption of Man. No Anti-Slavery Society ought to know any religious creed or faith. The Old Organization Anti-Slavery Society had built on the right foundation in this respect. "I may be called a Garrisonian," said Mr. C., "but without accepting the name, I wish to God that I had as clear a head and as true a heart as Garrison. I have watched him and read him through his whole public life, and while on many points of belief I differ from him, I know he has not swerved from his duty to the slave; no threats or persecutions, or seductive allurements, have ever turned him from his fidelity to this cause, and for that I honor him. Whatever are his views of the Bible, or the Sabbath, or of Christ, he has as good a right to hold them as has Dr. Wayland to hold his. I am told by my brother clergymen that he rejects the plenary inspiration of that book. Suppose he does assume the right to judge for himself what is and what is not inspired in that book. He but follows the example of some of the most eminent theologians of the church. Dr. Adam Clarke rejected Solomon's song from the sacred canon; Martin Luther discarded the book of James. Other theologians object to other portions of the book, but who denounces them as infidel? Yet they assume the right to judge for themselves what is inspiration in the Bible and what not; the one thing is charged upon Mr. Garrison. Though not a member of the Society, and though I believe that at present I can work better for the cause unconnected with it, I would not have it given up until the wail of the bondman is no more heard, and the song of jubilee shall rise in its stead throughout the land. To cease your efforts now, is to confess your great principle of 'Immediate Emancipation' and your measures of reform to be wrong. There is imminent danger of the extension of slavery over New Mexico and California by some such trick as brought Texas into the Union. Northern eyes are too full of gold dust to be on the watch for the plots and schemes of slavery. Nothing will save us from that curse but the agitation of the country, by the anti-slavery movement. Where else can we look for safety? To the Liberty Party? Where is it? Where, too, is the Free Soil Party which was formed by forty thousand Freeemen at Buffalo? Dead or asleep. The Churches? They are the bulwarks of slavery. Albert Barnes has truly said they are responsible for every hour of its continuance. The equality of the human race is still denied by them. We have in all the land our negro Jews and negro schools still. Our only hope is AGITATION. Silent truth never will convert the world. Truth must be spoken to do its work. No matter whether it is spoken by orthodox or heterodox lips. To borrow the beautiful greeting sung by the Hutchinsons, I am 'with you once again.' 'With you' to say 'Don't give up the ship.' Never falter! Never relax your efforts. Never lower your standard or cease your demands for the entire abolition of slavery, till we have an anti-slavery Congress, an anti-slavery Press, an anti-slavery Literature, an anti-slavery Supreme Court, an anti-slavery Pulpit and Church; until every slave is free, and every man is respected as a man in our whole country."

Here is more good news of the same sort: From the Wilmington Chicken.

RUNNING AWAY FROM HAPPINESS.—Since our last we have chronicled the passage of sixteen slaves, who have made their escape through this city. Eight of whom are from Kent county, in our State, and eight from near the Head of Sasparias, Md., about 30 miles from Wilmington. Some of the slaves from Kent county applied to the steamboat at Short's Landing, but were refused a passage, but afterwards made their escape up the State by land, cross the Wilmington Bridge under the very nose of the constables who were watching for them. They brought intelligence to the Abolitionists here, that a few more were concealed some few miles from our city, but did not like to come in for fear of being caught. One of our most active Abolitionists sent a messenger in search of them, and after looking for them for a day without effect, at last found them being conducted into the city by a man whom they had no suspicion of being an Abolitionist. At the same time, four more from near the Head of Sasparias, Md., also made their escape. A day or so after a colored man attempted to get off his wife and family, who were slaves to Mr. George Davis, of Head Sasparias. The brother of his wife betrayed them, and when they got eight miles on the road, they were overtaken, and had to take to the bushes—the pursuers took after them—the man attempted to save one of his children, and ran with it on his back for some time, but at last had to abandon it to make his own escape. His wife and children were captured.

The above mentioned case, we are informed, is one of peculiar hardship. The colored man (who is free) has been working for several years with Mr. Davis, his wages being kept to pay for the freedom of his wife and family. His wages, as is stated, amounted to ten dollars more than the price agreed to be paid for their freedom—but when he demanded it, Mr. Davis told him to "clear out," and if he came on the place again he would shoot him." While Mr. Davis was in chase of the above mentioned colored man's family, four more valuable slaves belonging to him took that opportunity of running away. They reached this city, and made good their escape to the North.

We have reason to believe that the above are not all the slaves who have made their escape through our city recently. The Abolitionists are extremely active, and we have every reason to believe that the underground railroad extends a considerable distance down the State, and that branches have even entered Maryland. Slave property is very insecure, both in Maryland and Delaware. If they run away in our State, as they have done lately, we shall not have a slave worth keeping. The young and hearty who are able to work, run away, leaving behind the old and children, too young to be of much service.

God Speed their Flight!

Our heart is made glad continually by reports of the escape of slaves. Here is a paragraph from the Baltimore correspondence of the New York Tribune:

The absconding of the slaves belonging to the citizens of this State, more particularly the Eastern shore counties, which I have previously alluded to, is creating quite a panic among slaveholders. A large number of slaves have been sold to traders,—larger than at any previous period—their owners considering them very unsafe property while the facilities of the "underground railroad" remain so available. In conversation with a gentleman from Kent county, a few days since, he informed me that if the slaves continued to abscond in the same ratio for five years to come one-third of them would get off. Notwithstanding the strict watch that is kept they go off with impunity, not unfrequently taking a large amount of their master's property with them. He, himself, is a large slaveholder, and computes that his loss in slave property within two years past is more than the interest on his whole capital during double that period.

The same writer says: The subject of abolition of Slavery, in consequence of the impracticability of retaining slaves in servitude, is more frequently alluded to than many would suppose. In fact there are many slave owners who are not adverse to a gradual emancipation, deeming it their ultimate interest. The operation of the causes now increasing in weight will very materially aid in the accomplishment of so desirable an object. Many who have begun to despair, now deem the day not so far distant, when this curse shall be peacefully and surely removed from the commonwealth. Men may strive against destiny, but they cannot retard or thwart its fulfillment.

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Choosing between Evils.

J. T. Buckingham, for so many years the Editor of the Boston Courier, but who left that paper because he would not support Gen. Taylor, in a recent letter expresses his sentiments thus:

Politics and far-seeing statesmen, profound and sagacious professors, pious and consecrated ministers, may convince themselves and others, that it is a duty, patriotic and honorable, to follow their party wherever it may lead them, and that, to choose the least of two evils, is to follow the example of Him, who, rather than choose any evil, endured the cross and despised the shame; but they have failed to convince me, and I am too imperfectly skilled in the science of metaphysics to convince myself that such a course is just and proper, or Christianity and truth. I charge no individual with hypocrisy, and claim for myself no more of the virtue of sincerity than I suppose others to possess. But when I see men of great intellectual powers, of extensive learning and lofty pretensions to morality and religion, cleaving to high offices of honor and trust under a warrior and slaveholder, I confess I am puzzled

to know by what process of reasoning they justify their proceedings. That such men should elect to sustain and almost worship a chief magistrate, every morsel of whose food is seasoned with the blood of a slave, would be inconceivable, if every day did not afford evidence of the fact.

The religious teachers of this country might be made wiser and better if they would only consent to be instructed by this veteran politician. His ethical philosophy is as much purer than that of the Church as the mountain stream is purer than the stagnant pools of the Dismal Swamp.

Selections.

A Visit to Virginia.

FROM JOS. BARNES' JOURNAL IN "THE PEOPLE."

September 20. Thursday. We are now at Williams-Port, Virginia, just opposite Marietta, Ohio. We arrived here last night, about half past six. Our journey from MacConnell's Ville latter, resembled very much our Tuesday's journey from Zanesville to MacConnell's Ville, except that from MacConnell's Ville to Beverley, about sixteen miles, the road left the river side, and took us through the interior of the country. The land was still rolling, and still rich. The crops were equal to what we had seen in any other part of the State. Beverley is a nice small place, with stores, saw-mills, &c., situated on the Eastern Bank of the Muskingum. The Muskingum is dammed up at different points, to render it navigable for large vessels. At the termination of every dam are corn-mills, &c., driven by the waters of the river, as they fall from the higher into the lower dam. At these points the towns and villages naturally rise and grow. Beverley is one of those points. Lowell, ten miles lower down, is at another such a point. At Lowell another river falls into the Muskingum, thus giving extra water power.

We reached Marietta just before dark, and as we found there was a ferry boat across the Ohio, we crossed, and spent the night in Virginia. We wanted to see what Virginia was like. We wanted to see what comparison the towns, the buildings, the taverns, &c., bore to the towns, the buildings, the taverns, &c., in Ohio. We had heard and read that the difference between a slave State and a free State was visible at once,—that on the free side of the water every thing was thriving and prosperous, and that on the slave side every thing was stagnant or declining. And so it seemed. Williams-Port on the Ohio side, contained about as many hundreds, as Marietta, on the Ohio side, contained about as many hundreds. We never found any difficulty in obtaining accommodations in Ohio; whereas the first night we spent in Virginia, we were obliged to get our horse accommodated at one house, and ourselves at another. One tavern had a stable, but no bed; while the other had a bed, but no stable. The situation on the Virginia side seemed as good for a town, as the situation on the Ohio side. Virginia was nearly two hundred years before Ohio. Yet Ohio was alive and thriving; while Virginia seemed asleep or dying.

We found provisions also much scarcer on the Virginia side, than on the Ohio side. In Ohio the people had their tables spread with abundance. In Virginia our hostess had to make apologies, and complain that they had no market in Williams-Port.

As soon as it was known that we were going to look at some lands in Virginia, a gentleman came and urged us to spend a few days in looking at some lands which he had on sale. He assured us that he could sell us lands a few miles back, for three dollars an acre, far better than the lands in the district we were going to visit. He offered to give me a lot for the erection of a cloth factory on the river side. He said that coal could be had for five cents a bushel. I told him I had pledged myself to visit Mr. O'Connor's lands, and that as my time was short, I must visit them first. He said he would send me a plan of his lands, and a statement of his offers, by post; and thus the matter rests. I expect to find a letter from him waiting for me at my brother Samuel's on my return.

We left Williams-Port about eight in the morning, for Sistersville. The road was tolerable for a short distance; but was terrible afterwards. You can form no idea either of the roughness of the road, or the terrible consequences of the washing of the river below, and you must drive within an inch or two of a precipice fifty or a hundred feet deep. We did this some scores of times. At other times we had to drive along the steep and, at times, almost perpendicular side of a rocky hill, without a particle of fence to guard us from destruction. Every now and then we had to cross bridges made of loose timbers, some of them rotten, without any protection of any kind on either side. We were almost always ascending or descending steep hills; such hills as I never ascended or descended before in any kind of conveyance. And the steeper the hill, the rougher the road underneath. Here by in our way a mass of huge stones, through which it was impossible to wind our way without jolting over them; so we went up, up, up; and then down, down, down. You never saw such jumping and jolting since you were born.—What in the world would Benjamin Stead have said if he had to ride 5 miles in Virginia? We rode about five and thirty miles in this way, though occasionally the road was tolerable for a mile or two. We thought it was tolerable in Ohio were bad enough; but we found them a great deal worse in Virginia. I say at times we had huge blocks of stone in the way. At other times we had old stumps of trees. The old part of the road, in certain places, had fallen into the river, and we were obliged to take by e-roads, new-

ly made, and bounce over the stumps of lately felled trees. In many places the inconvenience arising from the stones and stumps was greatly increased by deep runs in the road, caused by the rush of waters down them in rainy seasons, carrying away the soil of which the road was composed.—We had sometimes stumps or stones on one side of the road, and a run a foot or even two feet deep on the other side. You would have fancied you were going to throw over a hundred times, if you had been with us. Never, never since I was born, did I either see or dream of such roads before. We however got safely along. We had a steady horse, and a sober and wakeful driver.

The scenery as we went along was quite exciting. At one time it was exquisitely beautiful; at another terribly sublime. More than once we travelled along the almost perpendicular side of a high hill, with the top of the hill towering high above us, and the river flowing some hundred and fifty feet below. Again we passed over the tops of some of those high hills, and had a view of the river and the Ohio country for many, many miles. But it is vain attempting to describe our journey. It was the most perfect mixture of the rough and terrible with the grand and beautiful I ever experienced. It was exciting every way. But it got exceedingly wearisome at length. I was quite exhausted,—exhausted both in mind and body. I was tired; and felt myself getting terribly listless and reckless at one time. You cannot keep yourself awake amid exciting scenes for ever. You cannot fix your mind intently on any object or business for a long succession of hours, without exhaustion. My mind had been kept so long at full stretch; that it began to flag, and I was in danger more than once, in my listlessness, of allowing the carriage to be turned over.

And there was no fun or place of public accommodation along the road. And there seemed to be no such private houses as we had met with in Ohio. We called at a private house and asked for a little food, and the master seemed disposed to accommodate us; but on consulting the females, he found that they had nothing to eat in the house. They had eaten up their bread stuffs, he said. So, hungry and thirsty and faint, we pressed on further. At length we came to a large farm house, about twenty-five miles from Williams-Port, belonging to a man of the name of Ben Wells. Here we succeeded. We put up the horse and gave him some corn, and then sat down to dinner ourselves. But what a different report from what we had been accustomed to in Ohio. Cold kidney beans, fat cold pork, bread and butter, and a good deal of cold mutton for us. It was pretty, it was as much perhaps as we cared for; but it was little and poor compared with what we had been accustomed to in Ohio. We ate and were satisfied. On looking around we saw some negroes about, and my brother suspected that we had got into the house of a slaveholder. I thought he was mistaken. It seemed hardly likely that people could keep slaves close up to the side of the river, with the houses, fields, and woods of free Ohio, full in view. But my brother was right.—Ben Wells were slaveholders; and the negroes we saw were slaves, as we discovered before we left. The way I found it out was as follows. When we came out from our dinner, the negro man was cutting wood.—He used his axe very lazily and carelessly, as a slave might be expected to do; still, I could hardly imagine that he was a slave. I went up to him and spoke to him. I said, "There are not any slaves in this part of Virginia, I suppose?" "Some," he replied. "But you are not a slave, are you?" "Yes sir, I am your master?" "Ben Wells?" "And are those other colored persons slaves?" "Yes, sir; we are all slaves. There were many slaves hereabouts formerly; but most of them ran off? I cannot describe how I felt. I had never seen a slave, properly speaking, before; and a strange, indescribable feeling thrilled my whole soul. I should have liked to have asked him the reason why he did not run away; but the mistress and daughters were just by in sight; and I had an impression,—I had been told in fact, that slaveholders did not like strangers to talk to their slaves; so I drew the conversation rather hastily towards a close. The poor slave seemed wishing for me to talk to him a little longer, and appeared to say, by his looks, "You have an interest in my welfare; is there nothing you can do for my deliverance?" I greatly mistook the meaning of his looks, if this was not his language; but what could I do? His legal owners were in sight, not twenty yards off; and to speak to a slave about escape was imprudent for life. Besides the poor slave had a wife and children; and might find it impossible to escape. So I changed the subject of conversation. "It is very warm," I said. "Very warm, sir, for the time of the year. I never knew it so warm before so late in the season. This season is generally very cool at this season." "What is all this wood for?" said I. "Is it for sale?" "No," said he, "it is all for the house. They will burn all this and twice as much more during the winter." I was afraid to stay longer; for the slave seemed to forget to use his axe while I was talking to him; and I fancied the young damsel were looking at us unbecomingly. The eyes of the slave still looked at me in a way that seemed to say, "Is there nothing you can do for me?" Either my tones, my looks, or my manner had made him think that I took some interest in him; and he seemed as though he would fain have detained me longer. But it was time for us to be going on our way. So I said "God bless you, and reluctantly left him.

The slave and his family had a little house to live in, in the yard, just opposite the front of his master's house. The master was not at home.

As soon as our horse was ready, we started on our way for Sistersville. I told my brother what had passed between me and

the negro; and he appeared to feel as strangely and as strongly as I felt. We could think and speak on hardly any other subject during the remainder of the day. And whenever we came near a large brick house, we imagined it the abode of Slavery. And we were not far wrong; for when we arrived at Sistersville, we were told that at the large house next to Ben Wells' they had eight slaves, and that at another large house near Sistersville, they had several.

We saw very few houses of any kind along the road, and five out of six of those we did see, were poor, low, log-houses. There were twenty houses on the Ohio side of the river for one on the Virginia side; and the houses on the Ohio side seemed ten times better on an average than the houses on the Virginia side. We had been told before that we should find things so; but the reality produced a deeper impression than the verbal description had done. We had heard the difference between the two States attributed to the influence of their different institutions, and we saw not to what other cause it could be attributed. Slavery curses all things; and freedom blesses all things. On the Ohio side of the river we could see a number of villages and towns as we drove along; while on the Virginia side we saw but one; and that one was so small and contemptible, that if we had not been told where it lay, we might have passed through it without knowing it to be a town. Two other towns were named on a map that I saw; but we either never saw them, or, when we did see them, had no idea that they were towns. A man whom we consulted about the price of land pointed us to a house just built on his estate, and said it was the beginning of a town; but even he did not call it a town. The country altogether had a low, a languid, a miserable appearance, except in some few spots.

West India Emancipation.

Eleven years ago, all the slaves in the British West India Islands—some 200,000 in number—were emancipated unconditionally. The event was celebrated peacefully, and generally with outward religious observances and thanksgiving. Since that time, each returning year has witnessed the celebration of this act, by the friends of Freedom in various sections of this country, as well as in Great Britain. One of the papers in the planting interest in those islands—occupying the same relation to the whole people there, that Calhoun's organ, the Charleston Mercury, does to the people of the United States—has continually been publishing false accounts of the evil workings of emancipation. A large meeting of slaveholders at Mobile, Alabama, to respond to the Southern Address of Calhoun, also urges the failure of the West India experiment, as an argument against emancipation. The Kingston (Jamaica) Journal, the leading paper in those islands, says in reply:—

The allusion to the British West Indies is most unfortunate, inasmuch as the condition of those colonies falsifies all the statements and predictions of these Southern members. Who will look at this island, for example, and say "the existing relation between the free and servile races cannot be separated," and the races "cannot live together in peace, or harmony, or to their mutual advantage?" Where is the man, however favorably inclined towards the South, who has seen the Southern States of America, or prejudiced against the darker, or of this colony, who will be bold enough to assert that "wretchedness and misery and dissolution" have been the result of emancipation? But the Southern members appeared to feel that their ground was not safe under them. Hence they tell their constituents, that "since the emancipation," the British government "has kept up a sufficient military and naval force to keep the blacks in awe, and a large number of magistrates, constables and other civil officers to keep order in the towns and on plantations, and enforce respect to their former owners." It is very evident from the observation that they knew nothing of the true state of affairs in the West Indies, and if they do, have purposely misrepresented them. There has been a very large diminution of both the military and naval forces in the West Indies since the abolition of slavery. Some years ago the regular troops in this island alone amounted to eight to ten thousand men. Now, we believe, there are not two thousand in it. As to the naval forces, those who knew Port-Royal during the painful days of slavery, and look at it at present, can say whether there has been a falling off in this department of our defence. During slavery, every rural parish had four or five constables, and the towns a large number, the total of which, we have no doubt, would be found fully equal to the number of police now employed for the preservation of the peace. Some three hundred and fifty of these are divided among twenty-two parishes, and a population upward of 400,000 souls, "to keep order," as these Southern members say, "in the towns and on plantations, and enforce respect to former owners." But there is no police on the plantations, nor any necessity for them; and what will appear most astonishing to Southern alarmists, "the social and political superiority of education and talent" is still preserved. The Southern members of Congress, after crowding a lot of misstatements into very nearly as many lines, thus wind up their allusions to the West Indies: "But notwithstanding all this, the British West India possessions are ruined, impoverished, miserable, wretched, and destined probably to be abandoned to the black race." This many of our readers will think, is going ahead rather too fast—running to a conclusion much too rapidly. Our reply is, it is not true; there never was a period in the history of the British West Indies, in which life and property were more secure, and peace and quiet more universal, or a better feeling existed between all classes of the community.

NEGRO CHRISTIANITY IN GEORGIA.—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Georgia, to prevent the assembling of negroes for religious worship unless conducted by white persons, and to prevent the licensing of negroes as preachers in Putnam County; it will probably be applied to the whole State.

THE CUBA EXPEDITION.—A letter from Washington, in the Philadelphia Bulletin, says:—
"I am assured, from a source which you can depend on, that the notorious Cuba expedition is to be renewed into this winter."
"The Bremer Bunker" is being introduced amongst the ladies of Boston, in compliment to the Swedish ship teller.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS.—Burke.

Salem, Ohio, December 22, 1849.

The Publishing Agent of The Liberator will please credit Charles D. Grisoll, of New Garden, O., \$5, and charge the same to the Publishing Agent of The Bugle.

JONATHAN HUDDLESTON, of Dublin, Ia., is hereby appointed an Agent to receive subscriptions for The Bugle.

SETH HINSHAW is requested to act as an Agent for The Bugle in Greensborough, Henry County, Ia.

Will the publisher of The North Star be kind enough to send us a copy of that paper for Oct. 27?

E. E. GAREY'S letter came too late for this week's paper.

The Great Struggle at Washington.

All eyes are still turned toward the Capitol, watching with deep interest the great struggle for the Speakership of the House of Representatives. Our present advice reach only to Saturday, when the prospect of an election was apparently no nearer than at any previous time. It is a struggle between the North and South, complicated by the peculiar relations of the political parties, and no one can tell how it will end. Of one thing, however, we feel pretty certain, viz: the House will eventually be organized by compromise, in which, as usual, the interests and the manliness of the North will be sacrificed. Under the operation of our present Constitution it is hardly reasonable to anticipate a more auspicious result.

The contest meanwhile is fruitful of scenes of the deepest interest, of which, however, we get but very meager accounts. The telegraph works very irregularly, and the mails are sadly disordered; but we have some facts and incidents worth telling.

The Whigs, since they dropped Winthrop, have not been able to concentrate their strength upon any candidate. There was an effort to bring forward Mr. Morehead, of Ky., prompted by the hope that he would secure votes enough from the Southern Democrats to elect him; but some Northern Whigs were too much afraid of public sentiment at home to vote for a slaveholder at the moment when Northern Democrats were supporting Northern men. If the latter had stuck to Cobb, the case would have been different. The regular Whig votes have been divided between Duer of New York, Morehead of Kentucky, Stanley of N. C., McGaughey of Ia., Winthrop and others. There has been a talk of concentrating upon Vinton of Ohio, or Stevens of Pa., in the hope, no doubt, of catching the Free Soil votes; but every movement of this sort awakens the jealousy of Southern Whigs, and what is gained in one direction is lost in another.

The Democrats are in the same predicament. The efforts to concentrate upon Patter of Ohio proved a failure, whereupon W. J. Brown, of Indiana, was put forward as a candidate. On the 11th inst. he obtained 109 votes, and the prospect of electing him seemed fair. It was at this point that Winthrop withdrew. When the House met on the 12th, the Democrats generally expected the election of Brown. The Free-soilers had been importuned to vote for him, it was thought not without success, and so it proved. Five of them, viz: Messrs. Allen, Giddings, King, Winnot and Durkee, voted for him when their names were called. Three or four Southern Democrats were thereupon alarmed and voted against him. He received 112 votes—two more would have elected him.—Three Free-soilers—Root, Howe and Tuck—did not support him, for reasons which subsequent events fully justified.

After the result of this (the 40th) balloting was announced, Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts threw a bombshell into the House by reporting a rumor that Brown had given a written pledge to the Free-soilers, and thereby obtained their votes. This produced an intense excitement, Messrs. Bayley and Meade of Virginia, Green of Missouri and others indignantly denying the truth of the rumor, and menacingly demanding an explanation.

Mr. Root of Ohio (Free-soiler) now made a speech, which is described as very amusing.—He kept the House in a roar of laughter from beginning to end, and concluded by an anecdote, the point of which, as an illustration, was, that the Democrats had sat down with the Free-soilers at a game, and thinking them green had stocked the cards and commenced cheating by tucking away the aces and the honors under their coat sleeves. But presently they were constrained to call out, "Why, where in the world are all the aces?" And Free-soil had occasion to reply, "Why, we think one of them is under the cuff of your coat, and we know the other three are in the legs of our boots." The hit was so palpable that the House rang with laughter. It was manifest that Mr. Root knew more than he had told of the game which had been played.

It now leaked out that there had been a correspondence between Winnot (Free-soiler) and Brown, (Dem.) the nature of which will be seen from the following:

Washington, Dec. 10.

Dear Sir—In answer to yours of this date, I will state that, should I be elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, I will constitute the Committees on the District of Columbia, on Territories and on the Judiciary, in such manner as shall be satisfactory to yourself and your friends. I am a representative from a Free State, and have always been opposed to the extension of slavery, and believe that the Federal Government should be relieved from the responsibility of slavery where they have the constitutional power to abolish it.

W. J. BROWN.

HON. DAVID WINNOT.

duced a tremendous sensation. The Southern Democrats were filled with rage; they charged Brown with duplicity, treachery, and dishonorable conduct, and thanked the Whigs for interposing to save them from the gulf of perdition into which they were on the point of plunging. Brown played a double game. While he was courting the Free-soilers, he was also trying to propitiate the favor of the South. Which party he would have cheated is sufficiently manifest from the following extracts from the card which he subsequently published in The Union, to avert the indignation of his Southern friends. See how he writes himself down a swindler and a doughface:

"I had always been regarded as entertaining feelings more friendly to the South than a majority of the Representatives of the North. As a member of the 28th Congress I had advocated the application of the Missouri Compromise to the Texas bill, and had voted against the application of the Ordinance to the Oregon bill, because it was North of that line. . . . If I had been elected I feel confident that I should have organized these Committees in such a manner as no Southern man, Democrat or Whig, would have complained of. I intended to constitute them of fair and impartial men, who would have thoroughly investigated and reported upon all Constitutional questions without regard to sectional or party bias. I was interrogated by a number of Southern men, to all of whom I said that I had always been opposed to the Wilmot Proviso. I was a friend and supporter of Gen. Cass. . . . I was called a Calhoun Southern man—advocated the doctrines of the Cass Nicholson letter, with the exception of his views as to the constitutional power of Congress to legislate for the territories. . . . But I was . . . for non-interference."

Now was not this a pretty bird for Free-soilers to vote for? We think Messrs. Allen, Giddings, and the others who were caught by him, must have felt decidedly flat. There is no danger that the House will elect a worse man than this knavish doughface. They could not do it if they had the range of all the penitentiaries in the land. Whatever else may happen, we are glad he was defeated.

The House met on the 13th under the deepest excitement. The correspondent of the Pittsburgh Gazette says: "It seemed as if the fountains of mutual hate had been opened, and the waters of bitterness had broken forth. . . . The days of our Union appear indeed to be numbered." Mr. Duer of New York having called Mr. Meade of Virginia a Disunionist, the latter replied "It is false;" whereupon Mr. Duer said in a loud voice, "You are a liar."—Quicker than thought members now rushed around the disputants, and the Sergeant-at-arms interfered to prevent a collision. Quiet was at length restored, and the debate went on.

Mr. TOOMBS (Whig) of Georgia made a frantic and violent speech, recapitulating the wrongs which the South had borne from the North, and at the end of almost every sentence declared himself ready, upon some supposed contingency, to raise the standard of dissolution. He hoped that discord would never cease, that every Southern man would fight to the death. Every one of these declarations was followed by the most uproarious applause, over the floor of the House and through the galleries, accompanied by the clapping of hands, and the beating of the desks and floors with canes, boots and knuckles.

Mr. STEPHENS (Whig) of Georgia invoked the curse of Almighty God upon every son of the South who, when Northern aggression bro't on a crisis, should fail to stand up on her side.

The foregoing sketch was prepared from the meager reports of Washington letter writers. We shall present a more complete report next week. It will be found to be exceedingly rich. The correspondents of the Pittsburgh Gazette say that these Southern hotspurs are in earnest—that a scheme has actually been concocted for the dissolution of the Union, of which their proceedings in the House are the commencement. One of those correspondents declares, authoritatively, that Gen. Taylor is watching the conspirators, and is prepared whenever they attempt to put their threats into execution, to serve them as he served Santa Anna! Statement like these afford melancholy evidence that the South is gradually gaining her object, and preparing the way for a new compromise. The old adage that "a barking dog never bites" is one which the coward North is slow to understand.

TERIBLY FRIGHTENED.—A South Carolina correspondent of The Crisis states that the whole community around Spartanburgh were badly frightened, just before Barrett's release, by a letter addressed to the Postmaster, darkly hinting that the village was built of combustible materials, and that fire and brimstone purged the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah; that Barrett had many friends in the District, and that there could be some ten thousand men raised in the North and West, besides their own negroes and non-slaveholders among them. The letter was read in secret, by the villagers, Committee of Safety, &c., and says the correspondent, "You never saw such a frightened pack. . . . They were glad to get rid of Barrett on any terms." Truly has the wise man said, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth;" and not less forcible nor less appropriate is the declaration of the master poet, "The thief doth fear each bush an officer." What a scourge do they carry in their bosoms whose consciences have been outraged by flagrant crime!

THE CRISIS.—Such is the title of a small but neatly printed sheet, issued once a month in Cincinnati, and supported by the voluntary contributions of the friends of freedom. The numbers thus far issued have been mainly occupied with matter relating to the imprisonment of J. M. Barrett in South Carolina. The Editor, we infer, is Dr. W. H. Brisbane, who is well known to Abolitionists as a conscientious man and an able writer. The Crisis is circulated extensively in the South, where it cannot fail to do good, being specially adapted to the state of things in that part of the country. Donations solicited. Address W. H. Brisbane, Cincinnati.

The Great Blunder.

A Southern Solomon, who boasts the euphonic name of 'Mittag,' has attempted to lay open the grand source of the troubles which disturb his brother patriarchs, and to suggest a remedy for them. The annoyances and vexations which wait upon those who are struggling to make the world a paradise by fruitifying and perpetuating the blessed institution of slavery, are all the natural fruits of a blunder committed by the framers of the Federal Constitution, in not "settling upon some definite code of morals, as a standard of right and wrong, by which the government was, through the exercise of its various powers, to be guided." Unfortunately, says the renowned Mr. Mittag, there was left in the foundation of the structure "an unsettled spot, through which it inclines and begins to totter," and the poor deluded South, in entering the Confederacy, was "satisfied with the recognition of Slavery in a political point of view." She "disregarded the influence of the moral principle!" The writer thinks it would be "wild, at this time, in the midst of so many conflicting religious and infidel, to introduce a moral unit into the Federal Constitution;" but he believes a "partial remedy" might be obtained through the agency of the clergy, and parents and teachers. Let them, he says, teach the public, and teach zealously, that slavery is moral, and, on the other hand, that abolition is sinful. Let them exclude all books that are against our institutions and introduce such as support them. "With our people sound on this subject," he says, "we can defy the fanatics of the North." The South, of course, will be duly grateful to Mr. Mittag for his discovery, though its originality may possibly be denied by some of the more zealous divines, who have for a long time been doing the work which he assigns them. The "fanatics of the North" should take warning in time and escape the consequences which must result from the establishment of slavery on "a moral unit."

California.

The clause at first inserted in the Constitution of California to prevent the settlement of Free People of Color within its jurisdiction was finally struck out by a large majority. Several attempts to introduce it in a modified form also signally failed. The right of suffrage, however, is denied to the colored man. Bayard Taylor, writing to the Tribune, says: "The measure adopted by the Convention was, indeed, modified by a proviso which gives the Legislature the power of admitting Indians or the descendants of Indians, by a two-thirds concurrent vote, to the Right of Suffrage. This was agreed to by many merely for the purpose of settling the question for the present; but the native members will not be content to let it rest. One of their number, Dominguez, would be excluded from voting under this very clause."

All officers, judicial as well as administrative, are to be filled by election; the principle of Homestead Exemption is established; to be hereafter carried out by the Legislature; the Property of Married Women is to a considerable extent secured to them independent of their husbands; and general laws are in all practicable cases to render special legislation unnecessary. Duelling, or sending or accepting a challenge, unite a man not only to hold office, but even to vote. The Legislature is subject to very stringent limitations against the contraction of public debts, and all issuing of paper money by corporations or individuals is forbidden.

The Eastern boundary of California is fixed by the Constitution at 120° West of Greenwich; the Western boundary of Deseret has been established by the people of that country at 118° 30 min. This leaves a territory a degree and a half wide between the two, with no Government.

Bayard Taylor thus describes the scene which took place when the members of the Convention affixed their names to the Constitution:

At this moment a signal was given; the American colors ran up the flag-staff in front of the Government buildings, and streamed out on the air. A second afterward the first gun boomed from the fort, and its stirring echoes came back from one hill after another, till they were lost in the distance. All the native enthusiasm of Capt. Sutter's Swiss blood was aroused; he was the old soldier again. He sprang from his seat, and, waving his hand around his head, as if swinging a sword, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, this is the happiest day of my life. It makes me glad to hear those cannon; they remind me of the time when I was a soldier. Yes, I am glad to hear them—this is a great day for California!" Then, recollecting himself, he sat down, the tears streaming from his eyes. The members, with one accord, gave three tumultuous cheers, which were heard from one end of the town to the other. As the signing went on, gun followed gun from the fort, the echoes reverberating grandly around the bay, till finally, as the loud ring of the thirty-first was heard, there was a shout: "That's for California!" and every one joined in giving three times three for the new and glorious star added to our Confederation.

THE ANGLO-SAXON.—This is a small monthly journal, devoted to the promotion of the new and important science of Phonography, or the Writing and Spelling Reformation introduced by Pitman. It is conducted by S. P. Andrews and A. F. Boyle, and published by J. F. Trow, 49 Ann-st., New York, for 25 cents per annum. Phonography has already been introduced into some of the best schools in the country and is coming rapidly into favor wherever its merits have been fairly examined.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—Richard H. Dana, the well-known poet, recently delivered at Philadelphia a lecture on Woman and her influence upon society, in which he took the popular side of that question. Lucretia Mott, we see, is soon to speak on the same subject, when we presume the poet will be effectually answered. Mr. Dana is a man of learning and refinement, but his knowledge of human nature, is derived more from books than from association with his fellow-men in the active pursuits of life.

Sectarianism in Deerfield.

DEERFIELD, Dec. 13, 1849.

FRIEND JOHNSON: Within the last six days I have held eight meetings in this town—all bearing on War and Slavery. I came here on the 7th, and put up with Charles Betts, who has committed the unpardonable sin against Sectarianism of coming out of the Methodist Church and renouncing her claim to be a Church of Christ. Of course, the usual cry of "Infidel" is raised against him. There is a Methodist house in the centre of the town. This, of course, is bolted against every thing that renounces allegiance to sect. Charles applied for the school-house, and obtained it of those who had a right to let him have it. A meeting was appointed for Saturday evening, the 8th, and three others for Sunday. Charles, in due time, took wood to the school-house and warmed it, and placed candles to light it for Saturday evening.

At the appointed hour he went to the house to light the candles and renew the fire, when lo! the door was fastened inside, and no entrance was to be had that way. He entered at the window, to see what was the matter and get his candles; and there he found a man—CHARLES REED—who had been a zealous Methodist until lately, and who still sits under the droppings of that sanctuary, guarding the door. He had set a board against it, and to add to the security, braced himself against it, with an axe in his hand, to meet any emergency. Charles says to him, "There is no need of this trouble. Had you told me you would not consent to having it occupied I should not have urged it." "Infidelity shan't enter this house while I have a share in it and can keep it out," answered the guardian of Methodism, axe in hand.

See that picture, friend Johnson. There was Charles Reed, bolting Infidelity out of the school-house, making his back-bone the bolt, assisted by a board and a meat-axe. A thick board, a meat-axe to chop up with, and a back-bone for a bolt, to keep out Infidelity! Surely Charles Reed ought to get his defence of Methodism against Infidelity patented, and sell it to all other sects. But alas! for the discovery! Behold what Charles Reed calls Infidelity coming in at the window!! Poor Charles Reed! How must he have been confounded to see the very object of his terror standing before him in the house! He must multiply his back-bones to furnish a bolt for each window.

Charles Betts is a shoe-maker. He instantly fixed up his shop, and it was soon filled with about as many as could have entered the school-house; and there we held five meetings, that were well attended with attentive hearers. The very Methodists, ministers and people, who would not allow me to speak in their own house, could come to the brave mechanic's shop to hear me discourse on Anti-War and Anti-Slavery in connection with the Bible and Constitution, and the Churches and Political parties. Messrs. Hurd and Brown, Methodist priests, were present, and took part in the meeting.

On Monday evening, at our fifth meeting, the Bishop and Ministers of a Disciple Church, two miles from the centre, were present, and invited me to a discussion in their house. I accepted. The question to be discussed was, Are all the deeds that are fathered on God in the Old Testament, according to justice and equity? They stated it thus:—Is the God of Nature and of the Bible one and the same? So we have just closed a three nights' discussion before an attentive and deeply interested assembly. I contended that Nature's laws and God never change; that whatever was once consistent with them is so now, and ever must be; and that whatever men were instigated to do by Nature's laws, they were instigated to do by Nature's God.

The following deeds I held up as violations of Nature's laws; for a father to cast out his young child and his mother from his heart and home; to stone a child to death for disobedience; or to cut his son's throat and burn his body as an offering to God; to take women and children as prisoners of war, and then butcher all the married women and male children, and give the unmarried females to the murderers of their mothers and brothers, for their use; to invite a man into our house on a pledge of safety, and when he sleeps assassinate him; to cut off the heads of children because their father sinned; for one nation to wage an aggressive, exterminating war upon another, and slaughter women, children and infants, and leave not a soul that breatheth. I proved that all these were fathered upon God by the writers of the Old Testament; and that they were opposed to Nature's law and Nature's God. My opponents attempted to show that these deeds of cruelty and blood might be in perfect harmony with the laws of God and Nature. To carry their point, they scrupled not to declare that all the crimes, sufferings, and death of this world were the legitimate results of the laws of Nature under which God placed man. Samuel McGowan, Peter Hartzell and Ebenezer B. Howard, teachers and leaders of the Disciple Church, thus ought to father all the wickedness and sufferings of this world upon God, and derided the idea that war, slavery, crime of all kinds, disease, suffering and death, were the result of violations of the laws and God of Nature.

So slaveholders have eve met with the Bible and with what they call God. They say, God, through the Bible, sanctions slavery; and when we deny the existence and authority of their slave-holding God, they, having no other argument, turn and denounce us as infidels and atheists. I am accustomed to deal with such gods as sanction slavery or war as I deal with Moloch, Sheva, or Juggernaut; I treat them as grim spectres of the imagination, that instigate their worshippers to perpetrate every foul and unnatural crime in the name of God and Religion. I am an atheist to such phantom gods, and an infidel to such a man-en-slaving and man-killing Religion. The Author of my being made me so; and to hold true allegiance to

Him, I must treat such a god and religion with scorn and contempt.

Slavery and War are violations of the law of God and Nature, and though every text in the Bible declared that they ever were or ever can be right, this would only prove such texts to be wrong. Nature's laws never change, and what is now opposed to them, always was, and always must be.

Does the God of Nature, through the laws of Human Nature, declare Slavery and War to be wrong? For man to assume the right to inflict death or slavery upon his fellow-beings is to assume a power over them which was never assumed nor exercised by God himself. Slavery and Death are violations of the just and immutable laws under which God placed man; and no power in the universe is competent to originate or impose an obligation on men to inflict their outrages upon one another. Life and Liberty are laws of man's nature; Death and Slavery cannot be. What sort of a Being must he be who would put men under such antagonistic laws as life and death, liberty and slavery, and hold them amenable to both? Yet such is the compound of absurdities and contradictions which slaveholders and warriors, priests and politicians, worship as God, and which they say us to love and reverence as the God of Nature, I cannot and will not; to do so would be treachery to Humanity.

There is much mental agitation in Deerfield, Sectarianism, in the form of Methodism, Presbyterianism, and Discipleship, has lost its power to bewitch and gull the people. The Disciples, however, have acted, incomparably, the more manly and commendable part. They invited me to their house, and there met me face to face, before the people, to expose what they called my errors, for which I thank them. They had a right to do; and now they have a fair right to expose my views after I am gone, in their own house, where they allowed me to utter and defend them. The Presbyterians and Methodists here manfully closed their doors, stood aloof for most part, and when I am gone, they will come forth from their skulking places and look and hiss at me.

A few boys, to aid Charles Reed bolt and beat out Infidelity, resorted to eggs and snow balls, which they hurled at me, but hit only the house; and taking the hint from Charles Reed's plan of bolting us out of the house, they tried to bolt and bar us in the shop of our friend Charles Betts. But he took it in good nature, remembering that where people have no brains to keep out Infidelity, they naturally resort to back-bones, boards, meat-axes, eggs, snow balls, and such other weapons as they are masters of.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Testimony of John Quincy Adams—Thirty Years Ago.

We copy (says the Practical Christian) the following extract from a portion of the late John Q. Adams' Diary, under date of March 3d, 1820, about the time of the Missouri Compromise, so called. It has been drawn before the public, chiefly on account of a fact recorded in it, but denied by John C. Calhoun, to the effect that in 1820, when Mr. C. and Mr. Adams were in President Monroe's Cabinet, Mr. C. gave a written opinion, that Congress had power to interdict slavery in the Territories. The discussions of that period were quite exciting in Congress, and the Cabinet itself had to manage prudently in order to keep calm.—Mr. Adams had occasion to converse somewhat freely with the other members of the Council, and he seems to have thought much on the subject of slavery and the compromises of the Constitution in its favor. He appears to have made a copious entry in his Diary relating to what was said and done, and of his own reflections. Read the following testimony from that departed statesman, and then say whether William Lloyd Garrison and his coadjutors of the American Anti-Slavery Society are simple-headed fanatics for denouncing the Federal Constitution as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," which all true abolitionists ought to abhor as they should slavery itself.

"The impression produced upon my mind by the progress of this discussion, is, that the bargain between freedom and slavery, contained in the Constitution of the United States, is morally and politically vicious, inconsistent with the principles upon which alone our revolution can be justified; cruel and oppressive by rioting the chain of slavery, by pledging the faith of freedom to maintain and perpetuate the tyranny of the master; and grossly unequal and impolitic, by admitting that slaves are at once enemies to be kept in subjection, property not to be represented themselves, but for whom their masters are privileged with nearly a double share of representation. The consequence has been that this slave representation has governed the Union.—Benjamin, portioned above his brethren, has ravaged as a wolf in the morning he has devoured the prey, and at night he has devoured the spoil. It would be no difficult matter to prove by reviewing the history of the Union under this Constitution, that almost every thing which has contributed to the honor and welfare of the nation, has been accomplished in despite of them, or forced upon them, and that every thing unjust, oppressive and dishonorable, including the blunders and follies of their adversaries, may be traced to them."

J. M. BARRETT.—The Crisis states that the Algerines of South Carolina have literally robbed Mr. Barrett, and his poor old father, who mortgaged all he had to procure the means of bailing him; and it calls upon every one who feels a throb of liberty in his bosom to contribute something for their relief. Donations may be sent to Dr. S. H. Chase, Cincinnati. We will undertake to forward any sums that may be placed in our hands.

THE OHIO LEGISLATURE.—At the last accounts, was still at a dead lock, the Senate being tied upon the Hamilton County question and unable to organize. We notice with pleasure that Mr. Hutchins has declared in the House his intention to introduce a bill for the abolition of Capital Punishment. Let the friends of this reform send in their petitions. *Appropos*—let the reader turn to the letter of Dickens on the Last Page.

Death of

FRIEND JOHNSON: wife of my brother, is dead.

Funeral. In her loss of one who all the affairs of every cause have been Actuated by the on earth and g participated in Born in England, ceding the W. Anti-Slavery w being, as indee

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"Indulge me! Where did we Our signs are in For she we lost Her much: fre

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Death of Sarah Heighton Case.

RANDOLPH, Dec. 14th, 1849.
FRIEND JOHNSON:—Sarah Heighton, the wife of my brother Harvey M. Case, aged 31 years, is dead. I have just returned from the funeral. In her death, we feel deeply the loss of one who was indeed an ornament to all the affairs of social life. The Anti-Slavery cause has lost a firm and faithful friend. Actuated by the desire to promote "peace on earth and good will among men," she participated in all the reforms of the day. Born in England during the excitement preceding the West India Emancipation Act, Anti-Slavery was part and parcel of her very being, as indeed it seems to be of all of the Heighton family; and to them indeed the cause of Peace and Anti-Slavery are much indebted for their soul-stirring songs. They are the Hutchinsons of the West, though never singing a "Clay or Whig song." Pardon me, for I have wandered. She has gone to a higher and holier sphere of action.

I cannot better describe the scene than to copy from her own native country's illustrious poet, Robert Pollok:

"Indulge another note of kindred tone,
Where grief was mixed with melancholy joy.
Our sighs are numerous, and profuse our tears;
For she we lost was lovely and we loved.
Her much-loved: fresh in our memory
Is yet the day she died.
When tidings came,
A child was born; and tidings came again,
That she who gave it birth was sick to death;
So swift trod sorrow on the heels of joy!
We sought to stay
An angel on the earth; a spirit ripe
For Heaven.

And down her aged cheeks fell many drops
Of bitterness; her husband, too, was there,
And brothers, and they wept—her sister, too,
Did weep and sorrow comfortless;
And all
Within the house was dolorous and sad."

Some days previous to her death, she requested that our mutual friend H. C. Wright should be invited to address the friends who should be gathered. Henry was obtained. The meeting-house at Rootstown Centre, owned by the Presbyterians, was kindly furnished, and was filled with attentive listeners; while he discoursed for some two hours on questions connected with human existence, such as these: God works and governs by fixed and immutable laws in the moral, as well as in the material world; that God has stamped his laws upon our nature; that he stamps himself, belief in him, belief in immortality, society, upon our constitution; that pain and death come by and through the violation of these fixed laws; that in this instance these laws were violated, he demonstrated from the fact, that the aged mother survives the child, and grand-child; although the violation may have been, as it probably was, the result of ignorance, in the departed and in her ancestors; that God does not inflict pain and death, therefore we can have no right to inflict them; that the Theology which fathers upon God human suffering and death is not Theology but Demology; that did we obey nature's laws, death would rather be a translation to a higher sphere; that "dying and going to heaven, or going to hell," are theological enigmas, alike devoid of meaning and without any foundation in truth; that it is the highest duty of men to prepare to live, and not to die, as the priesthood of the present day, in their ignorance of both God and man, enjoins. These were the chief points upon which he discoursed, as I now recollect them. Certainly I never listened to him with more interest.

In funeral affairs, to the people of Rootstown and Edinburgh, it was any thing but Orthodox. The priests, having bewitched the people with their sorceries for a long time, I greatly rejoice in the dawn of the "good time coming," when man can enter this state of existence, independent of the legend-dominion of the Doctor-craft, and go into a higher state without the jugglery of the Priest-craft; for this I labor.

TRUMAN CASE.

Renunciation of Sect.

To the Methodist Episcopal Church of Deerfield:
FRIENDS: My mind has long labored under a severe trial as to whether I could remain a member of your Church organization, consistent with duty to my God and my fellow men. I believe slavery and war to be great sins—the sum of all villainies—and knowingly to countenance or sustain them, in any way, is to become guilty before God of enormous wickedness. I believe the influence of your church goes to sustain these evils. I cannot belong to any organization, as a Church of Christ, which sustains these great crimes, even by silence. On account of your relations to war and slavery I hereby reject your pretensions to be a Christian Church. I do not consider that membership in the Methodist Church has, on the whole, tended to expand my heart with love for the human family and to inspire me with the spirit of human brotherhood. On the contrary, it has tended rather to make me a Methodist and nothing more. I do not think it requires much of the spirit of Christianity or of humanity to make a good Methodist. I do not think the Church of Christ consists in a human organization that can be gathered or scattered at human will and pleasure; and into which and out of which, men are voted by majority. And this comes to inform you, that, for the above reasons, I do not longer recognize your body as a Christian Church, and cannot go with you as such.

ALMIRA J. BETTS.
Deerfield, Dec. 14, 1849.

The North Star.

This paper will close its second volume at the end of the present year. In the number issued on the 14th, the Editor has put forth an earnest and mainly address, in which, rising above all the trials and discouragements incident to his position, he avows his settled purpose not to "give up the ship," but to struggle on "with warm heart and as much zeal" as heretofore. "Our course," he says, "is onward, and we shall neither turn back nor aside; and if our earnest endeavors shall not be crowned with success, the responsibility and the reproach shall fall elsewhere than upon us." This is the language of a MAN—one whom no obstacles can discourage, no trials nor dangers appal.

The history of Douglass, his escape from Slavery, and the noble qualities of head and heart which he has displayed in his labors for the elevation of his oppressed brethren, afford a beautiful illustration of these striking words of CHANNING: "Nothing calls forth the soul like the consciousness of being dedicated to a sublime work, in which illustrious beings are our associates, and of which the consequences are interminable." This "sublime consciousness" has lifted our friend above all the disadvantages accruing from a childhood and youth spent under the debasing influences of slavery, and enabled him to win a name and influence of which any man might well be proud. It has done more—it has enabled him to wear his honors with a genuine humility which is the mark of true greatness.

Eagerly do we commend The North Star to the support of all the friends of humanity and freedom. Terms \$2. Address John Dick, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.—The "Whig" of New York, a vessel sailing under the American flag, was recently captured with 600 slaves on board, by the British ship Firefly. In which of the fashionable churches of New York do the owners of the Whig perform their devotions?

Indiana.

Gov. Wright, in his message to the Legislature, thus alludes to the great question which now agitates the land:

There is but little diversity of sentiment amongst the people of Indiana upon the question of human slavery; yet as decidedly as are the opinions of our people opposed to this institution, we have ever manifested an unwillingness to interfere with the constitutional rights of our brethren of the slave States upon this very delicate subject. The territory thus acquired has come to us free, the question is now presented to the American people, whether this territory shall remain free. It cannot be doubted but that the response of the people of Indiana to this momentous question will be unanimously in favor of freedom. Whilst we are in favor of freedom, let us exercise that forbearance towards our political brethren of the slave States of this Union, which characterizes the conduct of the patriot and statesman. Nevertheless, it is our imperative duty to assert our rights as members of the same great family; and manfully resist by all legal and constitutional means, the further advancement of slavery into territory belonging to the general government.

This is rather feeble, but not so bad as it might be. Weak as it is, we thought it indicated progress among the people of Indiana, until we read the Inaugural Address of the new Governor, in which he deprecates the agitation of national questions by the Legislature, and writes himself down a twaddler and a douglasse as follows:

We should at least endeavor to maintain in all our discussions and intercourse with one another, a spirit of harmony, concession and compromise, not forgetting that high conservative position, as a State, that we have always occupied, avoiding alike the extremes of the North as well as the South, remembering that we are one member of this great confederacy, and that it is our high mission to ally the excitement of one portion of this Union against the other, by avoiding all appeals to sectional interest.

The Governor will find that his efforts to "allay excitement" will be futile. The agitation which corrupt politicians so much dread will go on in spite of all their talk of "concession" and "compromise." Is it not a shame, that while the South is standing up boldly in favor of her accursed institution, Northern Governors and Legislatures stand trembling in their shoes, afraid to utter one bold and earnest word for Freedom?

G. W. JULIAN, we are glad to learn, is recovering from his recent illness, and is now probably on his way to Washington. He will add one to the Free Soil vote in the House.

HOW THEY CHASTISE AT THE SOUTH.—Under the free and easy heading of "Shooting Affair," the Richmond Republican has the following:

"In order to prevent any misrepresentation, we think it proper to make a brief statement of an occurrence which took place in our press room yesterday afternoon. The carrier for the north east side of the city was in the press room, and the pressman approached him with a rope and revolver, intending to tie and chastise him, contrary to the direction of one of the firm. He ordered the carrier (a colored man) to cross his hands, so that he could tie them, which he refused to do; whereupon he discharged the pistol at him, wounding him in the fleshy part of the left thigh. The report of the pistol attracted the foreman of the establishment, who forced the door of the press room, and brought the man out. The wound is severe, but not a dangerous one. The matter will probably come to the notice of the authorities."

The following article, which we cut from The Crisis, not only suggests matter for serious reflection, but shows which way the currents of thought and opinion are already beginning to run. We are glad to find Dr. Brisbane willing to acknowledge the force of arguments which the Disunionists have so often urged upon the attention of their fellow citizens.

THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

It is a grave question whether there is a provision in the United States Constitution, for the protection of the citizens of one State, while traveling in another. In the case of Barrett, the inquiry was made, "What can be done for him against the authorities of South Carolina, so as to protect him in his rights as a citizen of Ohio?" A learned Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States replied, that there was "no mode of reaching his case; it was a point overlooked in the formation of the Government." If this be true, it must finally destroy the union of the States. How can we be contented with a government which imposes taxes upon us, and affords us no protection? We know of at least one individual who was much opposed to Abolition and Abolitionists, now completely converted into a Disunionist, by the conduct of South Carolina to Mr. Barrett. If the same thing had happened in Mexico, the United States would have gone to war, rather than allowed one of our citizens to have been thus treated. But South Carolina does as she pleases with a citizen of Ohio, guilty of no crime, a violator of no law, human or divine, calling for any civil penalty; she arrests him, searches his person, takes away his private letters and papers, publishes them in her newspapers, with insulting comments; casts him into prison, refuses to bail him, confines him closely four months in the sickliest season of the year, threatens to inflict death upon him, law, or no law; and finally, having no testimony to commit him upon, she takes from him a certificate of deposit for a thousand dollars, which he had in his possession, but which she had no right to retain, as the conditions upon which it was sent had not been complied with, and leaving \$200—she imposes the obligation to return to the country at the next term of Court; and then, as if to defraud him of the thousand dollars, threatens him with Lynch law, should he ever return. If there ever were a baser set of barbarians upon the face of earth than these prosecutors of John M. Barrett, they must have lived in some dark region which civilized man has never yet visited.

Yet, the United States Government can do nothing in the case. What is the government fit for? What is it worth? Is it only to protect us from the wrongs that may be perpetrated by foreign nations? Comparatively few of our citizens go abroad; but intercourse between the States is common. How is a citizen of Ohio to be redressed against South Carolina outrage?—The Governor of Ohio was written to on the subject. He did not even reply to the communication. We it because he felt himself powerless to act? If so, then we are the users by having a federal government, for without it, Ohio could demand and enforce redress. As it is, if she attempt it, then the United States Government interposes, not to have justice done, but to quell what would be called civil war. Is this so? Can Ohio do nothing in the case? Are her hands tied? Is she bound by a federal compact to suffer her citizens to be insulted and abused? Then, of what value is the Union? We leave the question that our readers may reflect upon it for themselves, seriously.

The Chivalry on Nettles.

Mr. Moses has submitted to the South Carolina House the following bill, which was read and referred to the Committee on Federal Relations, viz:

A BILL to Protect the People of the State from Incendiary Publications through the United States Mail.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by authority of the same, That from and after the passing of this Act, if any Postmaster within the State of South Carolina shall knowingly deliver to any person or persons any written or printed paper, picture, drawing, or engraving, calculated to disturb the peace and harmony of the people of this State, in relation to the Slave population thereof, such Postmaster shall, on conviction by indictment, be imprisoned for a term not exceeding twelve months, and pay a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars.

The Columbia Telegraph publishes this bill with the following endorsement:

"It is not a whit too strong for the purpose intended, and we hope that it may be adopted."

"If it does bring on any collision with the Federal Government, the fault will not be ours, for forbearance with us has long since ceased to be a virtue."

We beg 'the Chivalry' not to distress themselves. The P. M. General will appoint none but Carolinians as Postmasters in that State, and if her authorities see fit to imprison and fine those, we are perfectly resigned to the dispensation. If they are all put in prison, or resign, or refuse to accept, there will no longer be any need of carrying Mails through that State, which will be a sensible lift to the Post Office Revenue.—South Carolina not paying near so much Postage as her Mail Service costs. In the present state of Steam Navigation, we can carry the Mails by her, either way, in a day.—Indeed, in the present disposition of the Palmetto State, we think a stoppage of the Mails throughout her territory the wisest course for all parties. When people obstinately resolve to 'love darkness rather than light,' they ought to be accommodated.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE PARKMAN MURDER.—The jury of inquest, after a long and careful scrutiny of the evidence presented before them, has brought in a verdict charging the murder of Dr. Parkman upon Prof. Webster. Public opinion in Boston is much divided on the question of his guilt or innocence. It seems incredible that a man who has always borne a high character and moved in the most refined circles should have been guilty of so foul a deed, and it is natural as well as right that the public should be slow to condemn him. Still, there can be no doubt that the same evidence in the case of a poor and friendless man would be deemed conclusive.

News of the Week.

Domestic Intelligence.

Oregon.

This territory, lately so conspicuous before the American people, has been almost lost sight of since the gold fever began to turn the tide of emigration toward California. We find in the Boston Courier a letter from an emigrant just arrived at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia river, from which we have gleaned a few passages which may interest our readers. Of his journey across the mountains the writer says: "We followed the Indian trail, which courses through some of the most dreary and desolate parts of this barren country. We frequently found ourselves passing along the brink of some steep precipices, thousands of feet high, nearly perpendicular, the trail just wide enough to permit us to pass along in single file. If either of our faithful animals had stumbled, both rider and horse would have fallen headlong into the yawning abyss below us. Several times I was afraid to ride over these dangerous places, and would dismount—but the guide and old Indian Chief would urge us to remain seated in our saddles, as the safest mode of getting over these tremendous chasms. Occasionally a loose fragment from some of the many overhanging ledges would break its hold, and come dashing down across our path, carrying everything before it. One of our loose animals stumbled and fell some 1,500 feet into the rushing stream of the Columbia, and was soon carried down by the powerful current."

He has not a very exalted opinion of the fertility of some parts of the country: "I hardly know what language to use in describing this barren land. Its extent is almost unlimited—but of all the accounts I have ever yet seen of the dreary and sandy deserts of Arabia, I have never yet seen anything that would come up to the reality of the immense barren deserts between Fort Hall and this point—most especially along the Banks of the Volcanic Snake River. Select out the Blue Mountains, which to be sure are clothed with the finest timber, and the 'Grange Ronde,' and the remainder of the country is incapable of the least cultivation or improvement. The soil is sandy, unfit for grazing, barren of timber of every description. The wearied traveler will not find a dozen trees or shrubs, in a distance of 600 miles, sufficiently large to shade him from the burning sun. The artemisia is the only verdant thing that thrives in this whole tract. Of all the countries that I have ever passed through or ever have read of this bears the palm for sterility."

Back from the river, some four or five miles, there is a fine grazing region. The first range of the Cascade Mountains here commences. They are covered with the most valuable timber; many of the trees are three hundred feet high and sixteen in diameter. I have seen one that measured 24 feet.

The gold fever has created a perfect revolution in this whole country. You will not find a poor man in the Territory. Every one has either been to the mines or sent one of the family, and generally brought back from two to five or ten thousand dollars each. Agriculture has been entirely abandoned. The finest farms here have not raised fifty dollars worth of produce, when at the present prices, one man could easily have brought forth \$2,000.

Provisions are high: potatoes \$2 per bushel; tomatoes very abundant, but they sell for \$8 per bushel; flour is worth \$14 to the barrel, while there are thousands of acres of wheat rotting in the fields, with no persons to harvest it.

The Legislature has just closed its session of fifty-five days. They have enacted a number of laws, mostly taken from the Iowa Statutes. One, however, which may interest the people of the North, is the prohibiting of "negroes and mulattos" from settling in, or passing through the territory. This I am fully convinced is wholly contrary to the inclination of the people.

I have just returned from a visit to the Chinook Indian country, where I witnessed a most revolting ceremony—that of burning the living with the dead. One of the old chiefs lost a daughter—a fine-looking woman about 20 years of age. She was wrapped up in a rush mat, together with all her trinkets, and placed in a canoe. The father had an Indian slave bound hand and foot, fastened to the body of the deceased, and buried at the head of the canoe. The Indians then took the canoe and carried it to a high rock, and left it there. Their custom is to let the slave live for three days, then another slave is forced to strangle it with a cord drawn around the neck. They also kill the deceased, and bury it at the head of the canoe. I was desirous of interfering and saving the life of the poor victim, but Mr. Harris, the gentleman with me, and the two Indians, our companions, assured me that I should only get myself into a serious trouble, and as we were a crowd of men from the settlements, and our party so small, self-preservation dictated a different course from the inclinations of our hearts.

A SAVORY MARRIAGE.—We understand that Senator Beaver, who is a perfect Nimrod, and usually spends several weeks in November, among the tamarack swamps of Bloomfield, in the northern part of this country, lately shot a buck which weighed, with the entrails out, 225 lbs. Trumbull county certainly takes the lead in large productions, from Senators down.

EXTRAORDINARY FERTILITY.—The wife of a German citizen of Rochester became the mother, a few days since, of three boys at a birth. About a year ago she had in like manner three boys at a birth. The whole six are alive and doing well. A question whether this can be paralleled in the United States. The father is a man of respectability and learning, though in indigent circumstances.—Rich. Am. Tuesday.

The Rev. Edwin H. Nevins, addressed a small assembly at the Court House on Thursday last, on the subject of Slavery, and its connection with the churches. The evening was unfavorable for a large gathering, but those who were present were entertained by one of the most able and eloquent addresses we ever listened to. Mr. N. is a perfect master of his subject, and the truth he utters carries conviction to every heart. We hope he will be able to spend a few days in this place during the winter, as we feel confident he can do much good in this vicinity.—W. R. Chronicle.

SMALL POX.—The Batavia Courier of the 16th instant, states that this loathsome disease prevailed to a considerable extent in Clermont county, in the neighborhoods of Amelia, New Richmond, and other places in the southern part of the county.

The Homestead Exemption Bill did not pass both Houses at the recent "called session," as stated last week. It passed the Senate, but was lost in the House, because a quorum was not present. [Belvidere (Ill.) Republican.]

VIRGINIA.—During the session of the Legislature of this State, on the 4th instant, a resolution was offered, and adopted by a vote of 30 to 27, to appoint a committee of thirteen to inquire into the expediency of calling a Convention to amend the State Constitution. Virginia is getting up—or into—a spirit of progress.

decidedly. She has just revised her code of laws, after considerable trouble, and now seems disposed to reform her constitution. The question of Slavery will come up if the Convention is ever held.

SLAVERY.—The Hamilton (Ohio) Presbytery, which is connected with the Cincinnati Synod, has adopted a report in which strong ground is taken against the report of the General Assembly, on the subject of slavery. Its tone is strongly anti-slavery, and an urgent appeal is made to other Presbyteries to use increased exertion in favor of the anti-slavery cause.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN WISCONSIN.—The last Madison Argus says:—The question of free suffrage to negroes, which was submitted to the people of this State, was lost;—a majority of the votes cast at the election not having been given in favor of the proposition.

LIBERTY FEELING IN RHODE ISLAND.—The annual report of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society contains this passage: "The result of neglecting an awakened public sentiment may perhaps be seen in the retrograde movement of the Free Soil party. We hoped that it would have proved our savior, but it seems to have gone to the sepulchre to mingle with the bones and dust of former political efforts libertywise."

MR. HANNEGAN.—It is said by the Covington (La.) paper, that Mr. Hannegan has tendered his resignation, and will be at home about Christmas.

POPULATION OF TEXAS.—The State Census of the State shows a white population of 115,501, and a colored population of 42,855. The number of electors in this population is stated at 25,393.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

PEACE.

All hail, triumphant Peace!

Earth's millions wait for thee—

When direful War shall cease

On every land and sea!

The morning light is breaking

Upon the gloom of night,

The hosts of earth are waking

To aid and bless the right.

God speed thy chariot wheels,

And roll thy car along;

Pour forth thy thunder peals

Against the giant wrong.

The Law of Love, abounding,

Shall renovate mankind—

Thy welcome blast is sounding,

And onward moves the mind.

Reformer! nerve thy soul

The battle's toil to bear;

Dark fears will o'er thee roll—

Yet still the Truth declare;

Fierce clouds o'er thee are soaring,

Which darken thy lone path—

The storm on thee is pouring

Its depth of hate and wrath!

Far, far, o'er land and sea

Fling forth the flag "Reform!"

Till Error's mist shall flee

Like chaff before the storm!

Should aught thy pathway darken,

Ne'er let thy lips be dumb;

The sons of Earth shall hearken—

A brighter day will come!

All hail, victorious Peace!

We bow beneath thy sway;

In truth may we increase,

Till dawn millennium's day.

With joy our hearts are singing

In concert with thy voice—

Thy banner upward flinging,

Let Earth with us rejoice!

E. S. A. C.

Racine, November, 1849.

Incidents of Slavery.

A friend tells us that, a few Sabbath mornings ago, Mary, a poor colored woman, came to beg him to write a "proclamation" for her. She said that her only sister had been brought here three years ago by a trader from Alexandria, Va., and sold. She herself was brought out last year, but her inquiries for her sister had been fruitless; she had at last prayed to God, and it was impressed on her mind that she would hear of her sister. Our friend wrote the name of the lost sister, where she was born and whom she had belonged to. The paper was handed to the minister, and after sermon he read it to his congregation (of blacks) and desired any one knowing such a servant to stand up. A woman rose in her place—a shout of joy was heard—and in a moment the two sisters were in each other's arms. The worthy minister returned thanks, and the spectators evinced their sympathy by a spontaneous contribution. The poor woman had lived nearly two years on the same square, mourning each other as lost, without having met. They came rejoicing to thank our friend, who says that he never slept so soundly as he did that night. And poor Mary manifests her gratitude by bringing him for breakfast every Sunday morning, piping hot, an old-fashioned Virginia hoe-cake, such as no French cook in Paris or in New Orleans can make. Last evening, he received an ash-cake bandaged with cold leaves, a mystery of the Virginia cuisine, enough to rouse the ghost of Apicius.—N. O. Delta.

To the slave, all the world beyond his home, is a wilderness—his home is his prison. These sisters lived on the same city square two years unknown to each other. Slavery kept them ignorant of each other.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm and woodland, consisting of 188 acres—120 improved and the remainder timbered—one mile east of Salem, south of the Columbiana road. Conditions of sale will be made known by the subscriber residing on the farm.

BENJAMIN BAILL.

Dec. 22, 1849.

SELLING OFF AT COST!!

COPE & FILSON'S large new and well selected STOCK OF GOODS, are now offering and will be sold AT COST.

A. Cope one of the firm proposes leaving for the west in the spring, which makes it indispensably necessary that our stock be reduced. The Goods must and shall be sold. We invite all who wish to purchase good and cheap articles, to give us a call at the sign of the Swan.

COPE & FILSON.

Salem, O., Dec. 15, 1849.

Notices.

Meetings to be attended by J. W. Walker.

Sunday, 23, Litchfield.
Monday, 24, School-House, near Richfield.
Wed. and Thurs., 26 and 27, Grafton.
Friday and Sat., 28 and 29, Sullivan.
Sunday, 30, Lodi.
Mon. Dec. 31, Jan. 1, Westfield.
Wed. and Thursday, 2 and 3, Town-Line, between Hinkley and Granger.

All the above meetings will commence, on the first day of meeting, at candle light, except Sunday, when they will commence at half-past ten, A. M.

P. S. The Friends West of the Cuyahoga will meet at Richfield on the 16th, to arrange matters connected with the work in their different neighborhoods. This will be an important convention and it is hoped that every neighborhood will send its delegates.

SAM'L BROOKE, Gen. Agent.

TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS

Pelton's Large Outline Maps.

PERSONS wishing to obtain Pelton's Large Outline Maps—Pelton's Key to do, Naylor's System of Teaching Geography, or Baldwin's Universal Pronouncing Vocabular, can do so by applying to the subscriber at his residence near Danvers, Columbiana Co., O., or at

THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

Those at a distance can have the Maps or Books forwarded to them by applying by letter to the subscriber at Danversville Col. Co., O., or to Barnaby & Whinery, Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio. ENOCH WOOLMAN.

Also, for sale at the above named places several Cases of SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS, for Common Schools.

Nov. 24, 1849.

JAMES BARNABY.

PLAIN & FASHIONABLE TAILOR!

Cutting done to order, and all work Warranted.

North side, Main Street, two doors East of the Salem Bookstore.

BENJAMIN BOWN.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER.

TEA-DEALER, FRUITERER, & DEALER

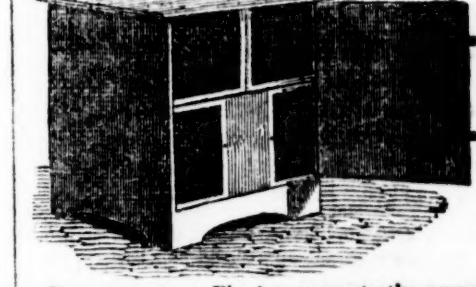
In Pittsburgh Manufactured Articles.

No. 141, Liberty Street, Pittsburgh.

DUGDALE'S

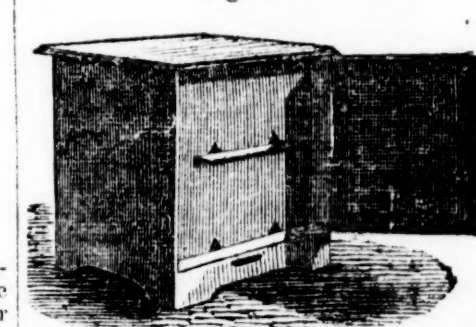
PATENT MOTH-PROOF BEE HIVE.

Figure 1.



EXPLANATION.—Fig. 1, represents the rear of the Hive, with the door swung open, showing four drawers, each with a glass door, and the drawers being glass, inserted in such a way that two brass knobs on each drawer, in order to remove them with facility. A door opens between the two small boxes into a moth chamber.

Figure 2.



Poetry.

OLD.

BY REV. RALPH MOYE.

By the way-side, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the way-side, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding,
There he sat!

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care:
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads, and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool,"—
His grave import still my fancy laden,
"Here's a fool!"

It was summer and we went to school,
When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted;
I remember well—too well!—that day,
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,—
Would not stay!

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell—
Ah! to me her name was always heaven!
She brought him all his grief to tell,—
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven),
Isabel!

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell,
Angel, said he, sadly, I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,
Now, why sit I here thou hast been told:
In his eye another pearl of sorrow,
Down it rolled!

Angel, said he, sadly, I am old;
I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the eaves, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!

I have tottered here to look once more!
All the picture now to me how dear!
'Tis this grey old rock where I am seated
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah, that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!

All the picture now to me how dear!
Old stone school-house!—it is still the same!
There's the very step so oft I mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game;

Old stone school-house!—it is still the same!
In the cottage, yonder, I was born;—
Long my happy home—that humble dwell-
ing!—
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,
There the spring with limpid current swelling;
Ah, forlorn!

In the cottage, yonder, I was born.
Those two gate-way sycamores you see,
Then were planted, just so far asunder
That long well pole from the path to free,
And the yew to pass safely under!—
Ninety-three!

Those two gate-way sycamores you see!
There's the orchard where we used to climb;
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather;
Past its prime!

There's the orchard where we used to climb!
There, the rude, three-cornered chestnut rails,
Round the pasture where the cows were graz-
ing,
Where, so I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat where we raising;
Traps and trails,—

There, the rude three-cornered chestnut rails,
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond, and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing,
Mary Jane!

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain!
There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old stable;
But alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table!—
Taken wing!

There's the gate on which I used to swing!
I am fleeting!—all I loved are fled;
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,
When round it Jane and I were straying!—
She is dead!

I am fleeting!—all I loved are fled!
Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky,
Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky,
Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky,
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Angel, said he, sadly, I am old!
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Now, why sit I here thou hast been told:
In his eye another pearl of sorrow,
Down it rolled!

Angel, said he, sadly, I am old!
By the way-side, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the way-side, on a mossy stone!

Miscellaneous.

From the Chronotype.

Execution of the Bermudez Murderers.
Letter of Charles Dickens.

Frederick George Manning and Maria his wife were executed in London for the murder of Patrick O'Connor, on the 13th ult.—The husband made a sort of "confession" in which he charged the guilt and the act of the murder on his wife, representing himself as a remonstrant at all stages of the business. The woman made no confessions, but when asked on the scaffold by the chaplain whether she had anything to say, replied, "Nothing except to thank you for all your kindness." What seemed to give some probability to the statements of the husband is that he desired to obtain an interview with his wife while they were awaiting their execution, but she refused to see him unless he would assent to a statement charging the fatal act upon a third person. For the ceremony of the sacrament just previous to the execution they were brought into the same room and seated on a bench with a male and female turnkey between them.

While in this position, and before the reverend chaplain had entered, the first friendly recognition between the convicted took place. Manning, apparently unable to control his feelings longer, leaned forward toward his wife, and in the most imploring accents, said, "I hope you are not going to depart this life with feelings of animosity toward me." The appeal was too much for his guilty partner; and, leaning towards him, she said, "I have no animosity towards you." He said, "Will you not kiss me, then?" The female convict said, "Yes;" and both parties having arisen, they shook hands and kissed each other several times. The reverend chaplain here entered in his robes, and, having taken his place at the altar, he administered the sacrament to both the convicts. This sacred rite occupied nearly half an hour, and at its closing the wretched pair were permitted to meet again. Manning embraced his wife with great fervor, and said, "God bless you, I hope we shall meet in Heaven." His wife returned his embrace, and sobbed audibly.

From this scene they were taken to the scaffold, their arms, having been first pinioned by Colerick, the British hangman, a man so identified with hanging that he is supposed to know how it feels. Manning, as he was being pinioned for the gallows, with a simplicity almost ludicrous, asked Colerick if he should suffer much pain. "No," said the professional consummator of the law, "if you will keep yourself still, you will suffer no pain at all." The assurance is said to have given Manning considerable satisfaction. On the scaffold the culprits again joined their pinioned hands, and took their leave of each other. Manning was dressed in black, and his wife in a splendid black satin dress, and the beauty of her person as she dangled in the wind is remarked by the journalists.

But what of the scene outside? A crowd was assembled in the street in front of the jail during the whole of the previous night, and accumulated during the morning up to the hour of execution, nine o'clock, to fifty thousand. One woman was actually crushed to death in the crowd, and many of both sexes were so injured that they were carried to the hospital.

Charles Dickens, the novelist, attended to observe the proceedings outside, and we close by copying the letter which he writes to the editor of the Standard of Freedom:

"Sir—I was a witness of the execution at Home-keeper Lane this morning. I went there with the intention of observing the crowd gathered to behold it, and I had excellent opportunities of doing so, at intervals all through the night, and continuously from daybreak until after the spectacle was over.

I believe that a sight so inconceivably awful as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected at that execution this morning could be imagined by no man, and could be presented in no heathen land under the sun. The horrors of the gibbet and of the crime which brought the wretched murderers to it, faded in my mind before the atrocious bearing, looks and language of the assembled spectators. When I came upon the scene at midnight, the shrillness of the cries and howls that were raised from time to time, denoting that they came from a concourse of boys and girls already assembled in the best places, made my blood run cold. As the night went on, screaming, and laughing, and yelling in strong chorus of parodies on Negro melodies, with substitutions of 'Mrs. Manning' for 'Susannah,' and the like, were added to these. When the day dawned, thieves, low prostitutes, ruffians and vagabonds of every kind, flocked on to the ground with every variety of offensive and foul behavior.

Fightings, faintings, whistling, imitations of Punch, brutal jokes, tumultuous demonstrations of indecent delight when swooning women were dragged out of the crowd by the police, with their dresses disordered, gave a new zest to the general entertainment. When the sun shone brightly—as it did—it gilded thousands upon thousands of upturned faces, so inexpressibly odious in their brutal mirth or callousness, that a man had cause to feel ashamed of the shape he wore, and to shrink from himself, as fashioned in the image of the Devil. When the two miserable creatures who attracted all this ghastly sight about them were turned quivering into the air, there was no more emotion, no more pity, no more thought that two innocent souls had gone to judgment, no more restraint in the previous obscenities, than if the name of Christ had never been heard in this world, and there was no belief among men that they perished like the beasts.

I have seen, habitually, some of the worst sources of general contamination and corruption in this country, and I think there are not many places of London life that could surprise me. I am solemnly convinced that nothing that ingenuity could devise to be

done in this city, in the same compass of time, could work such ruin as one public execution, and I stand astounded and appalled by the wickedness it exhibits. I do not believe that any community can prosper where such a scene of horror and demoralization as was enacted this morning, outside Home-keeper Lane jail, is presented at the very doors of good citizens, and is passed by, unknown or forgotten. And when, in our prayers and thanksgivings for the season, we are humbly expressing before God our desire to remove the moral evils of the land, I would ask you, readers, to consider whether it is not time to think of this one, and to root it out.

I am, sir, your faithful servant,
CHARLES DICKENS.
Devonshire-terrace, Tuesday, Nov. 13.

FREDERICK BREMER AT HOPEDALE.—Our Community were honored, on the 30th ult., with a call from this distinguished author. She was conducted hither by our respected friends, Marcus Spring and lady of New York, who had taken Miss B. and another learned Swede, a University Professor, whose name we have lost, along with them, to see a specimen of New England family Thanksgiving. And we presume they had a very good one among Mr. Spring's friends in the neighboring town of Uxbridge, not to mention the remains which they saw here "a day after the fact." Miss B. interested our people much, and seemed herself interested with what she saw of our Community enterprise. She appears to be a woman of unaffected simplicity, frankness, kind feeling and courtesy—wholly free from whatever might make her interiors shrink from her presence, or afraid of conversational intercourse. Her writings, in their kind, are of an elevated order, breathing forth many of the noblest sentiments, as well as the tenderest sensibilities of the human heart, and sometimes impressively inculcating the highest Christian duties. We had but a few moments in which to interchange ideas with her; but those few were so satisfactorily spent, that we are happy to expect an ampler interview next Spring, on her return from the great West, at which time she promises to make Hopedale a more leisurely visit.—*Prac. Christian.*

CHARCOAL ROAD.—A new method of road-making is coming into vogue in Wisconsin. The process is thus described:

The wood taken from the track is cut into the longest possible cuts, being straight; the stumps reduced to the surface; the wood being piled lengthwise, 8 feet wide, four feet high, with slopes of 45 degrees, is covered with straw and earth from the ditches, is then charred and quenched in ten days.—The earth cover is then taken off to the four feet next inside to the ditches, the charcoal is then raked open to the width of 16 feet, two feet thick in the centre and a foot at the margin; the burned earth at the sides is then to be raked into shape and the weather and use will complete the work.

It is the belief of intelligent men that this will prove superior to plank roads.

When we see a mean, miserly fellow boasting of his temperate habits, we can only think of a walrus priding himself on his endurance of cold. "A eunuch," says Fuller, "deserves no great commendation for chastity." The same observation will apply to your joke-haters—long-faced, dull people who make a jest as much out of place on their lips as it would be on a grave-stone, or in a ledger. To escape being witty is not quite the hardest task for one whom Nature has so constituted, that wit with him is always at zero, or below it.—*Yankee Blade.*

HORACE MANN, in a late lecture in Boston, said the gods of the world are fast dying out, and one deity alone is worshipped—wealth. Were it currently reported that the world was bedded with gold, and that the Pool of Bethesda was lined with pearls, the Christian world would vie with the Jews to re-build Jerusalem, and ships would be up for Palestine instead of San Francisco.

MORMON POLYGAMY.—A person writing from the Salt Lake, says: "The Mormons are a community in themselves—are governed by a President and Council—they make their own laws and regulations. They allow a man as many wives as he can support; some have one, and some have twenty wives. Some young men content themselves with five wives."

"HUMBLE!" is a stereotyped argument for many persons who are too listless or giddy to think, and who dispose of all subjects, philosophical, religious and scientific, with this exclamation, so entirely satisfactory and conclusive to themselves, that the only wonder to them is, that any discovery should ever afterwards presume to show its head in the world.—*Yankee Blade.*

EXPERIENCE IN CALIFORNIA.—All the private letters from this country that we have seen, represent the state of affairs there as anything but satisfactory. It is in vain to attempt to conceal this fact much longer.—Disease, desperation and disappointment are common to the large body of those who go there.—*True Democrat.*

We often hear of Irish gallantry, but Africa is equal to Ireland. A negro driver of a coach in Texas, stopped to get some water for the young ladies in the carriage—being asked what he stopped for, replied, "I am watering my flowers." A more delicate compliment could not have been paid.

MISS BREMER, according to the Bee, attended church with the society worshipping at the Melodeon—Theodore Parker, Pastor. On Sunday evening she spent a few hours with a popular party of Social Reformers.—On Wednesday she visits Ralph Waldo Emerson at Concord.

Harriet Livermore, well known as a female preacher, in various parts of the world, for twenty-eight years past, is in New York, on her way to Jerusalem, where she expects to die.

A barber died a groggy customer on Sunday morning, whose breath smelt strong of alcohol, "to keep his mouth shut, or the establishment might get indicted for keeping open a run-hole on Sundays."

Nothing is more impressive than mystery; even "Junius," himself, as an author, would have been forgotten long ago, if people had known whom to forget.

Why is a sawyer like a lawyer? Because whichever way he goes, down must come the dust.

Miss Bremer—A Beautiful Sentiment.

Miss Bremer, in lamenting that she cannot visit all the "homes" that would make her welcome, says:

"Go, then, my books—go, tell the homes of America that wherever there is a good husband and father, a true wife and mother, dutiful children, the spirit of freedom, and peace, and love, and that beautiful feeling of noble minds which makes them confederates in pious on fellow creatures according to their gifts and wishes, there also would I fain be myself to see, to enjoy, to shed tears of delight, that paradise is still to be found on this poor earth. Tell them also, my books, that seeing you in the homes of good and noble minds, I felt not all joy, but also sad, and most sigh and say to you: 'Would you were better!'—Well! I cannot help you now. I may well see your faults, but you have out-grown my reach. For whatever good there is in you I have to thank the homes of Sweden. A new page is turned, and in the homes of the new world I shall learn a new lesson. Glorious is its earth, and rivers, and mountains—but the glory and chief blessings of the land of the setting sun will surely be its home—the new home—the home of true freedom, love, and beauty."

Agents for the Bugle.

OHIO.
New Garden—D. L. Galtreth and I. Johnson.
Columbus—L. Holmes.
Cool Springs—Mablin Irvin.
Berlin—Jacob H. Barnes.
Marbleboro—Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Camfield—John Wetmore.
Lowellville—John Bissell.
Youngstown—J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme—Marsena Miller.
Scioto—Thomas Swayer.
Springboro—Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg—V. Nicholson.
Oakland—Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls—S. Dickerson.
Columbus—W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown—Ruth Cope.
Bandyburg—Alex. Glenn.
Farmington—Willard Curtis.
Bath—J. B. Lambert.
Ravenna—Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville—Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington—Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union—Joseph Barnaby.
Malta—Win. Cope.
Richfield—Jerome Hurlbut, Elijah Poor.
Lodi—Dr. Still.
Chester—A. Roads—Adam Sanders.
Painesville—F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills—Isaac Russell.
Granger—L. Hill.
Hartford—G. W. Bushnell and W. J. Bright.
Garrettsville—A. Joiner.
Andover—A. G. G. and J. F. Whitmore.
Achozown—A. G. Richardson.
East Palestine—Simon Sheets.
Granger—L. S. Spies.
INDIANA.
Winchester—Clarkson Puckett.
Economy—Ira C. Maalsby.
Penn—John L. Mithener.
PENNSYLVANIA.
Pittsburgh—H. Vashon.
Newberry—J. M. Morris.

SERIES FOR 1850.

THE HOME JOURNAL.

An Elegantly Printed Family Newspaper.

EDITED BY MORRIS AND WILLIS.

A New Volume of this brilliantly original and peculiar Family Newspaper, will be issued on the 1st of January next. New subscribers can be supplied with the work from that date, by forwarding two dollars to the office of publication.

During the past four years The Home Journal has met with universal favor at the hands of all classes of the community, and the proprietors will spare neither exertions nor expense to give such increased value, interest and attractiveness to the forthcoming year, as will render it superior in every respect to all the volumes that have preceded it. Besides the original productions of the editors, the Foreign and Domestic Correspondence of a large list of contributors, the *spices of the European and American Magazines*, selections from the most interesting portions of the day will frequently be given. Such features as have been found to be attractive will be retained, and new ones added. The *Bells of our Times*, by N. P. Willis; Brief Novels, and Piquant Stories; Sparkling Wit and Amusing Anecdotes; News and Gossip of the Parisian Papers; Personal Sketches of Public Characters; The Thrilling Scenes of the City we live in; A Chronicle of the News for Ladies; The Fashions and Fashionable Gossip; The Facts and Outlines of News; Pick of English Information and Brilliance; The Wit, Humour and Epigrams of the Times; Essays on Life, Literature, Society and Morals; and the usual variety of careful choicings from the wilderness of English periodical literature, criticism, and poetry, will still continue to enrich these columns.

As no more copies of the first numbers will be printed than the demand absolutely requires, and as new subscribers generally desire to begin with the beginning, it is advisable to subscribe without delay, to avoid any disappointment in the early and prompt receipt of the paper.

TERMS.—THE HOME JOURNAL is published every Saturday, at No. 12 Fulton-street, New-York, at the very low price of two dollars a year, or three copies for five dollars, payable invariably in advance.

All letters, remittances and communications (post paid) to be addressed to
MORRIS & WILLIS, New-York.

*With such editors as do us the favor to copy the above prospectus, we shall be most happy to continue the exchange for the ensuing year. A marked copy sent to this office, of any paper containing it, will greatly assist us in arranging our list for 1850.

SALEM BOOKSTORE!!

BARNABY & WHINERY

DEALERS IN BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c., North side of Main street, Salem, O.

A general assortment of Literary, Scientific, Religious and Miscellaneous Books and school books, kept constantly on hand. Prices reasonable. Terms, CASH.

JOHN C. WHINERY,

SURGEON DENTIST!!

OFFICE AT THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

All operations in Dentistry performed in the best manner, and all work warranted elegant and durable. Charges reasonable.

Salem, Sept. 28, 1849.

DAVID WOODRUFF,

Manufacturer of Carriages, Buggies, Sulkies, &c.

A general assortment of carriages constantly on hand, made of the best materials and in the neatest style. All work warranted.

Shop on Main street, Salem, O.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!

JUST received at the Salem Bookstore a new and elegant supply of

Books and Stationery,

Among which are the following:

A. Jackson Davis' Revelations.
Carlyle's French Revolution.
Carlyle's Miscellanies.
Views-a-Foot, by J. Bayard Taylor.
Fable for Critics, by J. Russell Lowell.
Vision of Sir Launel.
Lynch's Dead Sea Expedition.
Longfellow's Poems, new and splendid.
Watkins' Poems.
Scott's Poetical Works.
Bryan's Poems.
Byron's Works, complete.
Shakspeare.
Margaret Smith's Illustrations, Whittier.
Urs Dictionary of Arts, &c.
Webster's Large Unabridged Dictionary, n. ed.
Webster's Large and Small do
Webster's Large do
Etalick's School do
Groves' Greek and English do
Mason's Complete Works.
Sears' Pictorial Works.
Lexicon's French and English Dictionary.
Nugent's do do do
Olenford's Method of Learning German Lan.
do do do French Lan.
Zesop's Fables, in French.
Recreations, do
Corinne, do
History of Charles XII, in French.
First Lessons, do
French Primer.
Coeper's Virgil.
Anthon's Cezar.
Græcia Majora.
Horace Delphina.
Moseheim's Ecclesiastical History, 3 vol.
Josephus' Works.
Paley's Natural Theology.
Brewster's Life of Sir I. Newton.
Plutarch's Lives.
Gibbons' Rome.
Pembroke's Goldsmith's Greece.
Rollins' Ancient History.
Lydell's Geology.
Goyages Round the World.
Bryant's Essays on Morality.
Milton's Paradise Lost.
Channing's Self-Culture.
Baldwin's Universal Gazetteer.
Farham's Travels in California.
Bucks' Theological Dictionary.
Kerby and Spence's Etymology.
Harris' Dental Surgery.
Brewster's Optics.
Wayland's Political Economy.
Flora's Lexicon.
Language of Flowers.
Mrs. Sigourney's Poems.
Eliza Cook's Poems.
Hood's Prose and Verse.
Royalties of Travel, by Bayard Taylor.
Meadell, Presbyterian and Lutheran Hymns.
Longfellow's Hyperion.
Burns' Poems.
Shelley's Poetical Works.
Bibles, a variety of Kinds.
Works of Felicia Hemans.
Spectator.
Mitchell's, Smith's, Morse's, and Goodrich's Geography.
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